UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

And Chronicle.

SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO. PUBLISHERS.

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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1843. WHOLE NO. 1136.

Original Poetry.

TO THE DEPARTED.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

AND THOU ART DEAD!—alas! how brief,
The pilgrimage below you've trod!
Well may our hearts dissolve in grief
And tears, relentless, be our food.

FAR EARTH—from out the narrow bed,
Where rest, in peace, the countless dead,
No restless Time lead me—
Shall not, when Time, itself shall cease,
A region, above belief, release
From thee!

We grieve that thou hast pass'd away,
In spring-time of thy youth!
Thy virtues—if they could not stay—
Made Death's sad pillow smooth.
Gone! like the meteor of the night,
Extinguish'd in thy darting flight.
Of Beauty and of Truth!

And these, alas! too soon have sped,
To grace the Garden of the Dead.

The heart's deep sympathies are ours,
Are with thee, JULIA, now!
They cannot call thee back again,
Or flash thy pallid fever;
Nor to thy marble lips impart,
The eagerness of Love,
Which taught thee when, and how
To feel—and having felt—to know
Thy LOVE for the ETERNAL ONE!
The EARTH's most brilliant types of Her,
And cherish, as we will ever,
And our sad duty it shall be
To revere Him o'er thy grave!
And there the earliest flow'rs shall bloom,
Prolific in the shadowy gloom,
Where yew and cypress wave—
A MOTHER's love—a SISTER's care—
Will place the choicest garlands there! P. H.

Original Tales.

FORTUNE'S FROLICS, OR THE LOST AND FOUND.

A Domestic Story.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FELON'S MANUSCRIPT," "THE MISANTHROPE," "LOVE'S WORK," "I WICE WEDDED," "THE BUBBLES OF A FORMER DAY," &c. &c. &c.

CHAPTER I.
THE LOST CHILD.

"Please, sir, some pretties to buy mother bread," implored a small pale-faced lad, about seven years of age, as he ran toward a benevolent looking gentleman, who chanced to pass leisurely along Market street, in Philadelphia, some twenty years ago.

The stranger turned and saw the child looking piteously up in his face.

He was a handsome little fellow—with regular features, fair deep eyes, brown curling hair, and clear, smooth complexion. His clothes were clean and whole, although they were of coarse material in numerous places. He did not appear like one accustomed to ask alms—and there was something in his quiet deportment and address, which at once interested the gentleman in his behalf.

"My little fellow," said he, kindly, putting his hand, as he spoke, upon the boy's head—"Why do you beg? Do you not know that it is naughty to wander about the streets in this way?"

"I know it well, sir," replied the child, and Lily cried for something to eat; we have no fire at home, and father is dead"—replied the child in a breath, while the tear fell from his eyes, and rolled down his fair smooth cheeks.

The stranger's sensibilities were touched.

"Can such things really be in a city like this, so renowned for its opulence, hospitality and many charitable institutions?" "But," said he, after a slight pause, "I will see into this case myself."

"What is your name, my little lad?"

"Henry Fairfield."

"Henry Fairfield!" repeated the gentleman, somewhat tardy—while a cloud suddenly darkened his countenance, and his lips quivered, as though some heart sickening remembrance had sent a pang to his soul.

"Tis the very name! Surely it cannot be!"—he continued, as in communion with his spirit; but suddenly recollecting himself, his face assumed its usual agreeable aspect, and he again interrogated the boy.

"Where do you live, Henry?"

"In Walton's alley," replied he, promptly.

"And will you go with me to your mother?"

"Oh, yes sir!" and the child's whole countenance brightening up as he spoke—"Mother will be so glad to see you, for she is very poorly, sir."

The gentleman again mused a moment, and seemed perplexed. It was evident that something passed in his thoughts which caused him to hesitate how he should act.

"Perhaps it is for, and really in distress," he murmured to his self, "I will go and see for himself. It must be! I will see for myself—yes, when I return."

He put his hand in his pocket, and pulling out his purse, extended a few pence to the boy.

"Here my lad, take that, and now run home to your mother."

The boy looked at the money wistfully, but did not venture to accept the offering—and tears again filled his eyes.

The stranger was amazed and could not comprehend the cause of the child's emotions.

"Henry—why do you weep?" said he, sootingly. "There, take the money, and go to your sick mother."

"Oh sir, you said it was naughty to beg," replied the boy, sobbing as if his young heart would break—"and you are not going with me. You look like a doctor; will you not come and see mother? I be continued, looking up imploringly in the gentleman's face.

"Yes—I will go with you," responded he, impulsively. "Your mother lives in——"

"Walton's alley, sir," interrupted the boy, as he took the extended hand of his friend with a lighter heart, and led the way to his humble home.

The gentleman entered into a familiar conversation with the boy as they passed along the streets, and soon learned much of his own and parent's history. It was one of deep interest to the latter, and afforded food for his recollection many long years afterwards.

CHAPTER II.
THE DEAD MOTHER AND THE DEEDS WROUGH.

A few minutes' walk brought the boy and the stranger to Walton's alley—which turning down a few paces, they entered a small court, which led to a two storied wooden building.

We live here," said the child, opening the door, and bounding up stairs, followed by the gentleman of the professions, and by degrees attained among his companions, a high rank for the soundness of his judgment and the correctness of his opinions.

George Everett was the very opposite of Fairfield in almost every respect, yet they became attached to each other by a sort of suggestion as singular as it was incomprehensible. George was the only son of Robert Everett, a wealthy importing merchant in Philadelphia at the period now mentioned. He was a youth of lofty genius, and gave early promise of a most useful and brilliant career in life.

At college he ranked the foremost in the classes. He acquired knowledge without apparent effort. His mind seemed to comprehend all wisdom at once. He soul thirsted constantly for the living wells whence were produced the dew-drops distillations for its own immortal refreshment without being thorough ly satisfied. His temperament was one of fire—his imagination fertile and brilliant, so that the productions of his intellect were exalted by a fervor which bordered on the sublime. He was ardent even approached, and none perhaps ever excelled.

To a very superior intellect, young Everett had added a noble heart and generous impulses, and was a disposition kindly, and with a heart open and generous to a fault. Yet with all these excellent traits, he lacked one eternal requisite—that of forming a perfect man. He possessed no *fixed principles*. He was reckless of the world's censure, and seemed to "live and enjoy" solely in accordance with a philosophy of his own—not that of the epicurean mercenary kind, which the appetites and passions most strangely blended and permitted to usurp their natural functions. His spirits was impulsive, and he cared not, or perhaps reflected not of the consequences of a wayward course of life, so that he sent might riot in the wildest indulgences. His love of company was his bane—but was ever ambitious to lead off in the follies and vices of the fashionable young bloods of the day, and to outstrip the most daring and wicked in the machinations of the world's cousins

finishing the notice to the words, he adroitly slipped a report clamored ring upon her finger, and at the same instant pressing the secret spring that secured the treasure, he removed it from her arm. So rapidly had been his movements, she had no time for present them, but before he could place the bracelet upon the table of his vest, she snatched it from his hand, and withdrawing the ring from her finger, returned it to him.

"Perfect," said she, "I should not have refused some other movements of flourishing, but your present is peculiarly welcome; your request, but this bracelet I shall never part with, unless presented to him who gave it."

"Almost, I am satisfied," said a voice that startled her heart. The poet and favorite friend is perfectly forced to the rich and powerful D'Alvares. I am those 'till death."

As he spoke, he removed his cloak, and she then saw that Ferdinand and Philip were the same.

The explanation which followed, was briefly made. He informed her, that when he found that from motives of interest, his father wished to bring about a match between them, he was resolved, that unless he could feel satisfied that she loved him for himself alone, never to offer her his hand. He, therefore, immediately after the departure of his father and Don Alvarez, set out on the same journey, and by chance, coincided in with the Baron Waldberg, confided to him the failing in with Baron Waldberg, confided to him the failing of his father and those of his sons, that he believed he responded him in aid in exhibiting; a request with which the Baron as well as Lady Eleanor promised to comply.

A few weeks more, and the scene was graced with a smaller, though not less happy party than on the evening of the masquerade. At the appointed hour a call proceeded to the family chapel, where Amina, her father leaning on the one hand and her self, leaning on being concealed by the tantalizing mask, and D'Alvares on the other arm of a Spanish noble, resided their vows at the altar.

Agricultural.

Large Corn.—Col. H. D. Robertson, of Clinton, Hinds county, Tenn., made and gathered, last year, 100 barrels bales of cotton, 800 bushels of corn, 500 bushels of potatoes! He killed some seventy-five large hogs, stalled three fine horses, and besides all this, he sold the first hogshead of raw kound ever put up in that State.

Crops West.—The Western crops of grain are said to be very promising. Fruit crops in the neighborhood of Cincinnati fail fair to be very abundant and fine.

☞ Upwards of 5000 barrels of wheat flour, in addition to half barrels, were exported in Baltimore, last week.

☞ Corn is selling at 8 cents a bushel at Spring-field, Illinois.

Cotton Potatoes.—Some farmers still stereotypically contend that slips are so valuable to plant or propagate from a whole potatoe; but our experience has produced in our mind a conviction that there are not. It is a waterless crop, that where one is short of seed, or when the difficulty of procuring a sufficient one is great, or where one has a new variety which he is desirous of "making go" as far as possible—cutting may be a question, because it is prompted by economy. But if a farmer has a variety of potatoes whole ones, of a medium size, should be used for seed. This we think, should be the standing rule. No one selects his smallest ears of corn for seed. Why, then, should we not adopt the same principle in selecting seed potatoes? As to cuttings, or "seed-ends," as they are generally denominated in the South, they are not, in our opinion, worth planting where whole potatoes can be obtained at the usual price. It has been asserted that, by following this process, the best and most valuable variety, may be wholly "run out" in the course of a few years. It is a good principle always to select the best for seed. Propagate from your finest specimens, whether animal or vegetable, and preserve the rest for use or sale.—Maine Cultivator.

Western Wheat.—A correspondent of the U. S. (Pal.) Gazette, writing from Cleveland, Ohio, says:

"It is estimated that upwards of 300,000 bushels of wheat will be shipped for Lake Michigan before harvest, which, if seller closed, will be time and weather the Wolverines and Yankees are rendered in predestination—five years since the 'fifteen,' on their way to their new homes in that vicinity laid in their provisions at this port. The quantity of wheat to be received at this port, by the very of the Ohio canal, of the old crop, will probably not vary materially from last year, when it was 850,000 bushels. 250,000 bushels of that the poets west of us on this lake the shipments will be larger than last year, as the crop in the western part of the State was an unusually heavy one. The prices are now low at the principal depots on the Ohio canal, as well as at the western points of this lake, that the farmers are sowing to that wheat at the west-bounce in preference to selling, that something may occur to the advance in season.

Management of Bees in the Spring.—If the hives are kept in the shade, and well shut in the door, bees will not attempt to go out till they can do it with safety; but if the sun shines on the hive, or makes a milder current in and around the hive, then there is one in the front and shifting bees are partial bees will be induced to go out when it is too cold, and becoming chilled they fall on the snow or cold ground and are by themselves, their is at present, they will be more in action, and consume more honey.

In the spring, when warm weather commences, or just before, if only one rain comes aught, in such a season as this, take out the board on which the hive sets, scrape off all the dead bees, &c., and brush it thoroughly. Then let it dry, and wash it over with whitewash, if new, with a good lot of salt in it, even more than will dissolve. Whitewash also the lower edge of the hive, and up to the first row of bees. This whitewash is very acceptable to the bees and they will eat it freely.—Boston Cultivator.

Wheat Crop in Western New York.—We have taken some pains to ascertain the prospects of the wheat crop now in the ground, and are grateful to say that it is quite as promising as usual. From more entertained that it had been scattered in the last quantity of more than for harvesting during the winter; but the disappearance of the snow has generally recovered the ground. The state of the weather for a few weeks past has been very favorable. The frost and freshets have in general left the roots in but little of the wheat out of the ground. In the very low ground, however, there has been more or less injured in this way; and we might add, that where the ground has been thawed in the winter, some of the wheat has been smothered.

There remains, so far as we can learn, any applicable to the appearance of the crop not only in this section of the country, but throughout the state. In general farmer from the Genesee Valley informs us that the crop in that quarter is fine, and promises an abundant yield.—Rochester Dem.

Necessity of a Change of Seed.—In a controversial in the other day with with no intelligent friend, I stated the unquestionable fact, that all cattle which is to confined to not particular diet for a certain number of days, sickness, and eventually death must be the consequence; when he immediately applied the rationale of the fact by a reference to the principle of vegetating and animal, that I cannot help recollecting it. "Now," said he, "I observe at once the necessity of a change of food to the crop, or, which is the same thing, a change of crop to the native soil, or that of which it is to be refilled." Now in this little remark is a world of meaning to our practical, and by studying it, I believe we may derive information and advantages of practical usefulness and unapprehended, and in return for the information which I have received from my friend, I am constantly urging and advocating by from the pressure of my business, the necessity of a change of seed.—Farmer's Cabinet.

Potatoe.—M. Aubert, of France, states, as the result of experiments conducted through three seasons, that abundant crops of potatoes may be grown in poor clayey soils, by simply strewing the sets previously to the usual practice to cover them up with earth and planting.

Professor Vasher, of Geneva, covers his potato sets with a layer of tanner's spent bark, two or three inches thick, before turning the furrow over them. He says he then pursues a loose, spongy bed for the young fibres to extend with facility, and thereby the growing to considerable contact with the plants, and causes the vegetable to grow with great vigor in the season, if but not making rain occur after planting, as the spent bark, covered by the furrow, will retain water during the more protracted drought.

Loading Hay in in Cold.—Almost all endeavors from the earth or sea, are transported upon the back of animal in the country. Hay is widely brought to market in that way. A man mounts his mare and should never, while a second horse into his small bundles of long green hay, which he places around him on the top, makers fast a cart. When a mare is so laden that nothing but his long ears and the owner's hand are visible, he is brought to the city, where the rider sells to one and another, and his load is gone. Long articles of lumber are brought to market on saddle-mules, one on each side of the animal, and the ends are allowed to trail behind. In the saddle, the upper ends project but the mule's head, and the other ends drag on the ground behind, and leave a long track.

Underdrain.—He is a public benefactor, who, by the practical and skilful method of underdraining, would make a single field yield enough to support a whole village, and who does this in a manner that, while it materially adds a square mile to the national territory, he, at the same time, increases the value of the intrinsical resources of the country, without adding to the burden of its population. All hail, then, to the improvers of the soil! Health and fat will be in their cottages—may their hearts be light and their purses heavy—may their dreams be few and pleasant, and their sleep the sweet repose of the weary—may they see the fruits of their own labor, and may their sons reap still greater harvests.

A Large Hoss.—Mr. Ambrose Stroud, of Unity, lately cut on his place a blackberry bush which exceeds in size any we have ever before seen. It was the growth of a single year, and measured thereon four inches, in length, and three inches in circumference. Three of the branches were seven feet in length.—Belfast Journal.

United States SATURDAY POST.

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Philadelphia:

Saturday Morning, May 6, 1843.

☞ Dr. J. H. Bagby, of Macon, Ga., is not an agent for Graham's Magazine and the United States Saturday Post.

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For $5, one copy of United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Lady's World.

For $10, four copies of United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of Lady's World.

☞ The money must always be sent free of postage. Any young man may procure a club by a little exertion, and have good reading gratis; and any subscriber, who will send $5, in advance, will be entitled to one of the novels named.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

An universal variety of interesting subjects will, we think, be discovered in this day's paper. Among the most gratifying to our national pride are the several articles on the progress which the country has now assumed among the nations. Such an eulogium upon America, as Lord Brougham's, from the House of Lords, could hardly have been predicted fifty, or even twenty years ago; for there was even a time when among the best and most patriotic Americans, the idea that American and England were and must be natural enemies, was by no means rare. Then, the contributions were regarded as doubtful experiments, and our political science more than doubtful eloquence. But time has established the fact, and proved the latter—and what a short time has served for the demonstration! The national progress which has been achieved in the old world by emulation, has been paralleled in the new by the history of decades. And not only have our republican institutions successfully resisted the effects of corrupted, but have developed influences, in the great struggle for the establishment of the rights of man, which the world was long unconscious of the duties of the ancient world, amid their own woes, and magnificence—their worn-eaten tapestry and ivy; their modern splendor and their ancient ruin. Of course the reader understands that we speak of no physical struggles—for the contest has been entirely one of moral and intellectual forces. The part which America has taken has been one of silent example—not of active interference, and the aid she has given to reanimation in the old world, has been in the formation of a point of support, on which the advocates of freedom could fall. Our country has furnished a practical proof of the truth of many of the ideas, for before our time, passed into the by-word trivial.

Certainly it is a something to be proud of—but we are, as a people, to forget improvements, or to imagine our country perfect. Whenever we fall into this delusion, we shall find ourselves overwhelmed by a people, prematurely into that decrepitude and dotage which now mark the "time honored" institutions of the old order of society. Therefore constant checks improvement, it invites and hastens deterioration. We have the history of the past before us—let those be studied in the absence of the light of day, as well as the elements of the greatness of the mighty nations of old be consulted. Republicans, inasmuch, as there is no hereditary power, and no fixed interests in the government, are bound in duty to themselves and to their country to be well versed in history and philosophy. And upon the latter, at present, we must pay opportunity offered to avail one's self of it the labor, and at trifling cost, of the labors of some of our most distinguished writers and thinkers.

We allude to the publications of Mr. Gliddon, and the lectures now delivered by Professor Hall on the Ancient Egypt. One fact alone, established by researches of the Champollion school among the ancient hieroglyphics is worth, to the latter, more than all comparison, than the cost of the lectures, and more money. It is this that during and preceding the time of Joseph in Egypt, there were two separate dynasties in that country, the Shepherd kings, invaders, who were established at the lower branch of the Nile, and the true Egyptians, who peopled the upper provinces. To the Egyptians proper, shepherds were an abomination, as we are told in the Bible, in profane history. The high state of the civilization of the true Egyptians made shepherd or nomadic tribes repulsive to them; and the invasion of the Shepherd kings, was the result of the hatred of the pastoral class to which their conquerors belonged and most notable. But Joseph was raised in the palace of the king, who had assumed the name of Pharaoh, a monarch himself descended from shepherds, and was received and honored. But when another king arose, "who knew not Joseph;" or, in other words, when the Shepherd Kings was driven out, and the original Egyptians re-assumed their power over the whole country, the children of Israel were to be treated with the contempt that cruelty which was the effect of the hatred of the true Egyptians for shepherds. This is the Bible account confirmed by the researches of the ancient remaining monuments of ancient.

It gives one an odd feeling of insignificance to sit down among Mr. G.'s fac-similes of pictures made during thousands of years old, and to recollect that they are from Merida. It was impressive, during these ancient relics, still be himself forgotten, who, with admirers, generation after generation, will wonder at the genius of the artist who executed them. Many men have been forgotten in their own land, and will be no more! But when these memorials of the past strike his chilly an influence, the best cure is to look at the wonderful exhibitions of the past, and learn day and generation, worth the looking at. And, touching pictures, the Exhibition now open at the Artists' Fund Hall, will well occupy more than one pleasant and profitable hour.

There are, it is unquestionable, some few most unfortunate beings, who are doomed to be always lonely miserable. But we leave to others the fault finding, being better pleased to taste a few of the many bounties of a kind Providence. We, then, will introduce with Mrs. Sully, as painted by her husband, a friend, if there were not another picture in the room. We could quite fancy her taking a ride on the same occasion, at any rate, after the pleasant morning which we have passed in her company.

A schooner belonging to the Mexicans had been delivered by her crew to the Campeachians, and the whole Mexican fleet is described to be in a most miserable condition. The Texian squadron is also characterized by the defeat of the Mexicans in the interior. Every thing, in short, which, since they have been exiled, it will be recollected, to the aid of the Campeachians, and on the whole, the chance of the Mexicans is small.

Of the Texan prisoners readers after their escape at Salado, it is now ascertained that 16 of the 160 have died. Twenty-three have made a settlement of ordering, a grade of design, and a truth of drawing which mark it one of the gems of the exhibition. Between Perry Hall and Salado, they will have to encamp—and a view of Pittsburg, capitally managed. We had no idea that coal smoke could be so poetically dealt with. But we have not mentioned a title of good as the author's check, they were preferred, and the latter immediately proceeded to State street, presented his check for the twenty-two thousand, received ninety-two bills of the denomination of one thousand each, and trudged back to pay the account for the Goddard estate, which is now his property.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

In Boston, Little & Brown have just begun the publication of the Pictorial new reprint of Scott's (the Life of Cortes) but will not publish it before October. Mr. Bancroft's two volumes on the Revolution are in active preparation, but will hardly be published before winter. He has had a great accession of new materials from Gen. Everett, who has been many months engaged in collecting documents at Dr. Franklin, Burke, North, Thorpe III., &c. &c. It has hitherto come into possession of Sparks' knowledge of the Revolution, the progress of a fathomless, when he makes a dead fish jump by touching the spine with cold steel. On our flat we are perfectly ashamed of her. Cold, cents, and smells have been quoted this week at par, but on Thursday morning there was a decline in the market.

DEATH OF JACOB RIDGWAY.

On Sunday last, Jacob Ridgway, Esq. expired at his residence in this city. His death resulted from a severe attack of erysipelas, which he had on the 1st April last, when he was knocked down in the street by a horse running away with a wagon. For a time he was insensible; but by the skill of his friends for days seemed quite recovered from the effects of the accident. On Good Friday, however, he was taken ill, and the following facts in relation to his life we derive principally from our contemporary of the Ledger.

Mr. Ridgway was a native of New Jersey. His family were of the Society of Friends, and amongst the early years of his manhood was established in the state. Above fifty-five years since he came to the city of Philadelphia with a fortune, then considered not small, and engaged in mercantile pursuits. Before he had attained the age of twenty-one years, with his friend and relative, the late Jacob Ridgway, the father of fellow citizens, R. W. Sykes, Esq. He shortly after entered into partnership with his brother-in-law, the late Thomas Wistar, deceased.

In the year 1799, he left this country with his family for Europe, and visited England, France, Holland, Germany, and Italy, and returned, and finally established himself as a merchant at Antwerp. The first American vessel that entered that port after the departure of the French, by a spoken, went consigned to Mr. Ridgway. The cargo was found prepared and shipped from Philadelphia by the late Mr. Wistar, and was known as the property of Mr. R. The cargo, when sold, was found to be not only equal but superior to the samples furnished, and the representations of the house. Ridgway established among foreign merchants an unlimited confidence in his own character and principles. From that time, vessels almost without number, were consigned to him, and his career of prosperity was unchecked. During the years' residence in Antwerp, he received the appointment of American Consul, and rendered the most useful and honorable services to American commerce. In the year 1810, he returned to Philadelphia, with a very large fortune. His health failing, he was recommended to visit the South. He did so, but experiencing little benefit, he arrived at the conclusion that the want of employment was the real source of his disease, and he returned to Philadelphia. He remained for the last years of his life, and was one of the most useful of our citizens—constantly engaged in building and other laudable undertakings, and at the time of his decease owned several hundred houses in this city. He was also the owner of valuable property in other parts of the Union, especially in Delaware and New Jersey. His immediate heirs are a son, Mr. John Ridgway, and a daughter, the wife of Mr. Richard Mc Rostch. The latter is a widow, and neither of the daughters have children. Mr. Ridgway has connections, through the Wistars, with the Fishers, Sergeants, painters, and other mechanics, and his loss, therefore, will be seriously felt.

WILL OF MR. RIDGWAY.

The following are given by the United States Gazette as the leading heads of the will of the late Mr. Ridgway, who died on Sunday last, aged 81 years:

Mr. Ridgway bequeathed to Messrs. Carlton and Mc Mullen, Messrs. Wm. Jones and Thomas Moore, formerly his pleasure, ten thousand dollars each—having treated them with more than all the kindness which a father could show for his son, and stated to their dying father.

To his wife, Mrs. Thomas Craven, who had been his faithful and attentive, he gave the sum of six thousand dollars.

To his housekeeper an annuity.

To Mr. Reuben Moore, his carpenter, the house in which he (Mr. M.) resides.

To his coachman, a gratuity of one thousand dollars.

To all the other servants small legacies.

To several other persons legacies of five hundred and a thousand dollars each.

Making in all about one thousand dollars.

The remainder of his immense wealth—supposed to be between three and four millions of dollars—Mr. Ridgway bequeathed equally among his children, Mr. John Ridgway, Mrs. Dr. James Rush, and Mrs. Richard Mc Rostch.

The following persons are the Executors named in the will—Mr. John Ridgway, his son, Dr. James Rush, his son-in-law, and Mrs. Rostch, the daughter of Mr. Ridgway.

IMPORTANT FROM MEXICO.

Since our last intelligence, news has been received from Campeachy via New Orleans, of the total dissolution of the Mexican army, which is encamped in search of Gen. Lemus, to invade the interior of Yucatan. The New Orleans Tropic thus gives the account:

Gen. Lemus, the traitor, formerly in command of the Yucatan forces, had been placed in the load of Gen. Bravo, who had been sent to the Rio Grande for the subjugation of Yucatan. Tabcher is a small village on the Northern Coast of Yucatan, about one hundred and sixty miles from Campeachy, and thirty miles from Merida. It was represented during three

United States SATURDAY POST.

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☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World of Fashion—

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, assisted by *Moses Meeker, Jas R. Smith, G. H. Comstock, J. R. Humphreys and J. T. Dent.*

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ALANSON BILLINGS, of Nashville, Tenn., is duly authorized to obtain new subscribers to Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World. *Single copies* may also be had at his store in Nashville.

Notices of New Works.

The Illustrated Book of Common Prayer.—The Fourth Number of the Illustrated Book of Common Prayer has been received by W. H. Graham, the Philadelphia publisher, 98 Chesnut street. It contains a portion of the Collects, Epistles and gospels, and has ten illustrations, from Dominichino, Le Sueur, Raffaelle, Vandyke, Corregio and others. The embellished initial letters are about thirty in number, and this liberal array of designs furnishes a great variety of subjects. On the whole, this number is quite equal, if not superior to the three first numbers.

We are gratified to understand that this work is already exceedingly well patronised. Hereafter its publication will proceed with more rapidity, as two numbers per month are to be issued. The paper and letter press are worthy of the illustrations; and the whole will form, when complete, one of the most elegant volumes ever issued.

Hoboken: *A Romance of New York—by Theodore S. Fay—Philadelphia: Perkins & Purves, and G. B. Zieber & Co.*—The moral of this work is the discouragement of duelling,—and the author has depicted its evils in their true colors, and placed the moral disease which leads to the false standard of honor in strong light. The story is well carried through; the incidents, including three duels, are well managed,—and one of the three, is powerfully wrought up. Mr. Fay has improved much by travel and experience; and has produced, in this work, the evidence that his powers of observation have not been idle in his absence from home. At the same time, his descriptions of New York scenes and characters, show that his native land still lives in his memory.

The American Eclectic and Museum. *Edited by J. H. Agnew. Philadelphia: E. Little.*—The May number of this work is illustrated with a mezzotint from Landseer. Among the contents we find articles from the Edinburgh, the Foreign Quarterly, and the Quarterly Reviews, from Blackwood, the Dublin University, Frazer's, and the New Monthly Magazines, Bentley's Miscellany, Bell's Messenger, the Colonial Gazette, the Times, Brittania, and Charivari. There is a goodly variety of matter in the number, Tales, Essays, Criticism, Biography, Satire, Science, and Wit, Obituary, Bibliographical, and other notices.

☞ The first number of a new Weekly Paper called the Anglo American has been issued in New York. The editor is A. D. Paterson, Esq., the publisher E. L. Garvin. It is a beautifully printed, and will be a well edited paper.

☞ The "Grand Vizier's Daughter, or the Fall of Constantine," is the title of a new novel by Mrs. Maberly, for sale by G. B. Zieber & Co. It looks like a very interesting book—as Eastern stories generally are.

Homeward Bound, the one of Mr. Cooper's novels which has made quite as much noise as any other of the series, has just been published by Lea & Blanchard, in two volumes, for twenty-five cents the volume.

Foxe's Book of Martyrs. *Philadelphia: J. M. Campbell & Co.*—This work is now complete, having been published in eight numbers supplementary to the Library of Religious Literature.

☞ A Voyage to the North Pole, by Captain F. W. Beechey of the British Navy, is the title of a highly interesting and important work, for sale at Ziebers', in the cheap form.

Woodstock.—This, one of the most interesting of Scott's Novels, forms No. 20 of G. B. Zieber & Co.'s edition, and is just published. Four numbers more will complete the set.

The Ladies Companion, *for May*, makes its appearance improved in typography and otherwise. It is on the counters of G. B. Zieber & Co., and of W. H. Graham.

☞ The second number of Darley's Indian sketches has been published by Colon, and is a decided improvement upon the first.

☞ The "Occident," for May, has been laid upon our table, and justifies the high praise which the preceding number received.

Alison.—No. 8 of this work, has been received by Zieber, and by Perkins & Purves.

Religious Intelligence.

REPORTED FOR THE U. STATES SATURDAY POST.

PLACES OF PUBLIC WORSHIP OPEN ON SUNDAY EVENING, MAY 7.

Presbyterian—New School.—Third Church, Fourth and Pine street. Clinton street Church, corner of Clinton and Tenth streets. Western Church, corner of Filbert and Schuylkill Sixth streets. Eleventh Church, Vine above Twelfth street. First Church, Northern Liberties, Buttonwood street below Sixth. First Church, Southwark, German street below Third. First Church, Fairmount. Hamiltonville Church.

Presbyterian—Old School.—Second Church, Seventh below Arch street. Eighth Church, Spruce above Third street. Central Church, Eighth and Cherry street. Union Church, Thirteenth below Spruce street.

Protestant Episcopal.—Saint James' Church, Seventh above Market street. Saint Andrew's Church, Eighth above Spruce street. Church of the Ascension, Lombard above Eleventh street. Saint Timothy's Church, Spring Garden street below Twelfth. Saint John's Church, corner of Brown and Saint John. Advent Church, (in Temperance Hall) Third street below Green. Emanuel Church, Marlborough street near Prince, Kensington. Trinity Church, Catharine street above Second. Church of the Evangelists, Fifth street above Catharine. Church of the Messiah, Fifth street below Carpenter. Saint Matthew's Church, Francisville. Saint Mary's Church, Hamiltonville.

Roman Catholic.—Saint Augustine's Church, Fourth street, opposite New street.

German Reformed.—German Reformed Church, Race street below Fourth.

Dutch Reformed.—First Church, Crown street near Race.

Lutheran.—Saint Matthew's Church, New street below Fourth.

Methodist Episcopal.—All open on Sunday Evening.

Methodist Protestant.—All open on Sunday Evening.

Baptist.—All open but the First Church.

Unitarian.—First Church, corner of Tenth and Locust streets.

Universalist.—All open on Sunday Evening.

Disciples of Christ.—Disciples' Meeting House, corner of Fifth and Gaskill streets.

Local Intelligence.

A Great Rogue in a Small Way.—A man named James White, who keeps a cellar in Shippen street below Sixth, for the sale of second hand goods, was on Monday arrested by the Recorder's officers, on the charge of buying goods knowing them to have been stolen. For some time past, a gang of boys have been stealing kegs, bolts, locks, lead pipe, from untenanted houses and stores, who, it appears were induced to do it by this man, who furnished them with implements for the purpose, and purchased the articles stolen of them. A large quantity of stolen goods were found in his possession. The boys who were arrested, also charge him with paying them with spurious cents made by himself.

Treasure Trove.—Some workmen engaged in building a wall for Mr. Benjamin Wilcox, at the corner of Eleventh and Walnut streets, on Monday morning, found a bag buried about four feet under ground, containing one hundred and fifty Spanish dollars, the dates of all being anterior to 1752. The bag fell to pieces from decay, and the money was divided among the workmen. Among the coins was an old Massachusetts continental piece, known as a pine tree shilling. It was purchased by Mr. Samuel Hayes as a curiosity.

Pennsylvania Hospital.—On Monday, the following gentlemen were re-elected managers of the Pennsylvania Hospital:

Charles Roberts, Charles Watson, John Paul, Joseph Price, N. W Johnson, Mord. Lewis, G. Roberts Smith, W. B. Fling, Frederick Brown, George Stewardson, James R. Greaves; and John S. Lewis was re elected treasurer.

Flower Seeds.—Those who wish the choicest garden seeds for the spring planting, should call upon Dreer, No 97 Chesnut street, where he has every variety in separate packages, with direction for cultivation. This seed and horticultural warehouse is the most extensive in the city, and his assortment very fine.

County Prison.—The following appointments of inspectors of the County Prison were made by the Court of Quarter Sessions, Wm. G. Alexander; by the District Court, E. A. Penniman; by the Mayor Recorder and Aldermen of the city, Joseph Price.

House of Refuge.—On Monday, the following gentlemen were appointed Managers of the House of Refuge, Dr. Isaac Kline, Elijah Dallet, and Peter Hay by the Court of Quarter Sessions; Isaac Elliott and M. L. Dawson by Mayor Scott.

Dr. O. H. Partridge.—At a meeting of the City Councils, held on Thursday, the 27th instant, O. H. Partridge, M. D., was elected one of the Board of Managers of Wills' Hospital, in place of Dr. M. C. Shallcross, resigned.

Mad Dogs.—Within the week, two dogs have been discovered in Southwark in a rabid state, which were bitten twelve days ago. One of them was killed, and the other died after being tied in the yard.

Foreign Intelligence.

FIVE DAYS LATER.

Since our last, by the arrival of the packet ship England, at New York, we have news five days later from Europe, March 9th, and twenty-two days later from China and the East. The intelligence is interesting, and rather important.

Parliamentary.

On the 7th of March, Lord Brougham brought forward his motion in the House of Lords, for a vote of thanks to Lord Ashburton. What Lord Brougham said, particularly in reference to this country, will be found in another part of to day's paper. After a debate of great length, the motion was carried without a division. In the course of the debate, the message of President Tyler, in reference to the Right of Search or Visitation came up. In reference to the Right of Search, Lord Brougham deemed that it had been given up to America, but that all parties were agreed upon it in its modified form of a Right to Visit. Lord Denman approved of the Treaty generally, but disapproved of that part in reference to the Slave Trade, and did not think that the principles for which Great Britain had always contended, in reference to the subject, had been sufficiently upheld.

His *soiree*, though taking place on a Sunday, was a magnificent sight. The procession included no less than 70 elephants, and almost as many native Princes and Chiefs, whose splendid apparel, and the glittering uniforms of their followers, contributed to dazzle the eye, if not to bewilder the brain, of the spectator.

Twenty days later from China has been received by the overland mail on the 5th inst. The Canton dates are to Jan. 20. In China the most perfect tranquility is maintained, and progress was making in the conclusion of the treaty. The Chinese authorities manifest a strong desire to conciliate the British, and their proclamations evinced a determination to enforce the observance of order. Elepoo, the Imperial High Commissioner, had reached Canton, and it had been arranged that he should meet Sir Henry Pottinger at Whampoa, for the purpose of negotiating a commercial Treaty. The Chinese local authorities refuse to pay for the mischief done by the mob. They ask, who is to pay them for the destruction of their villages by the English.

Pirates continued to infest the Canton River. An English lighter, called the Enterprise, had been attacked and captured; her cargo, worth £25,000, plundered, and her captain and officers and four Manilla sailors cruelly put to death.

The French had had a new brush with the Arabs. General De Bar, who went out with a considerable force to chastise several hostile tribes, had been compelled to return without effecting the desired object. The Arabs in immense numbers crowned the heights of the mountains, and fired upon his troops; and as a measure of prudence he beat a retreat, lest he should expose his army to serious losses. During his march he was engaged in only one regular affair with the Arabs, who were defeated; but the French had several men killed and wounded.

SPEECH OF LORD BROUGHAM.

Under our foreign head will be found a notice of the proceedings in the British House of Lords in relation to the Washington Treaty. We refer to the subject in this place also, to introduce the remarks made upon America by Lord Brougham in the course of the debate. They were preceded by a very bitter and savage attack upon Gen. Cass, for his letters and other publications in Paris, before and after the completion of the treaty. This part of the matter is not so interesting or important as that which followed, and which we here present:

It was said (said Lord Brougham) that Lord Ashburton had at a public meeting talked of Boston as the cradle of liberty, and this was said to be a compromising act. But this was after the negotiations were over—this was "the song of triumph," to use an expression of his noble friend opposite on a former evening—(a laugh.) At this public meeting at Boston there was no business to be transacted, but it was held for the purpose of celebrating the alliance re-made and the reconcilement re-effected between these two great kindred nations. He marvelled to hear the whigs object to any such proceedings at a public meeting, but above all to hear whigs, or a sort of whigs at least—(a laugh.) object to any thing that was said in favor of the cradle of liberty. He should have thought the very language was so sweet and dear to every friend of liberty that it might reconcile them to what might otherwise have appeared a breach of dignity and decorum. Now there was one other authority, and it was the last to which he wished to refer—that of our revered monarch George III. He did not consider that he stooped from his high degree, or that he adopted a truckling and unbecoming tone when in his reception of the first American minister who represented his revolted subjects, and had therefore a most difficult task to perform—who first represented those revolted subjects at the court of their sovereign, whose allegiance they had shaken off, and whose sovereign was known to have kept fast hold of his American sovereignty until it was wrested from his royal grasp. He took the opportunity of giving a most courteous reception, and of saying—which was unnecessary, but needless though it was, he thought fit to say—that although he was the last man in his dominions that consented to the independence of America, there was no man in his dominions that wished better to that independence, and felt more anxious for the prosperity of the new world. This was after the whole of the military proceedings had closed, as the speech of Lord Ashburton had been made after the negotiations had closed—(hear, hear.) My lords (said the noble and learned lord,) I breathe the same prayer which my late Sovereign expressed upon that memorable occasion. I hope and trust, for the sake of America first; for the sake of England next—for the sake of humanity, of mankind at large—that the prosperity and happiness of that great people will be perpetuated for ever. My lords, I cannot view with indifference the magnificent empire which Englishmen have erected in that land; and my heart glows when I reflect that to England is owing that which America never scruples to confess she owes to

The Markets.

A GREAT ENTERPRISE!

UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST AND CHRONICLE.

THE OLDEST AND BEST ESTABLISHED FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Serious Reading.

THE SISTER OF LAZARUS.

BY S. D. PATTERSON.

"*The Master is come and calleth for thee.*"—John xi. 28.

A sister hung sad o'er the grave of the lov'd,
And tears of affliction stream'd fast from her eyes,
And she bow'd 'neath the rod of the Chastener, and prov'd
That those blessings fly first which most fondly we prize.
She mused on his virtues, his kindness, his truth—
On the love that was borne her, so fervent and high,
By the playmate of childhood, companion of youth,
Thus call'd, in the fresh bloom of beauty, to die—
And the scalding tears fell on the grave of the dead,
As that fond sister mourn'd o'er the cherish'd one fled.

But listen! a voice by the mourner is heard,
Whose tones send the music of peace to her soul—
The loud sobs of anguish are calm'd at a word,
And the tear-drops no longer in bitterness roll—
Hope breaks through the gloom that enshrouds her sad heart,
And her bosom expands with a rapturous glow;
Firm faith and full trust their blest comforts impart,
As she hears, from the lips of the Messenger, flow
The tidings which bid her deep agony flee—
"The Master is come, and he calleth for thee."

So Christine—though gloomy and sad be thy days,
And the tempests of sorrow encompass thee black;
Though no sunshine of promise or hope sheds its rays,
To illumine and cheer thy life's desolate track;
Though thy soul writhes in anguish, and bitter tears flow
O'er the wreck of fond joys from thy bleeding heart riven—
Check thy sorrowing murmurs, thou lone one, and know
That the chasten'd on earth are the purest for Heaven.
And remember, though gloomy the present may be,
That the Master is coming—*and coming to thee!*

LAZARUS AND HIS SISTERS.

The love of a sister to a brother stands peculiar among the affections. It is not like the affection for a parent; it lacks the reverence, the sense of obligation. Nor is it the same emotion the mother feels for a child—this is a feeling, warm and tender, but held in common with the lower order of creation. Between parents and children there is not equality, but authority and submission. Nor is it the love of the bride to her young husband. The heat of passion may be here, to be succeeded, perhaps, by loathing and contempt. But a sister clings with a calm, yet warm and enduring affection, to a cherished brother. Every emotion is pure, disinterested, and hallowed. It is such as angels may feel, but finds no place among beings below us. It is whole-hearted, sincere, steady, *devoted*. Her heart beats with pride for him, and she will rejoice at his gathering a harvest of affection from others, but no envy or selfishness can cloud her brow, nor can jealousy alloy the pure spring of her affections.

Mary and Martha, and Lazarus, were probably the whole of a family. We may regard them as fatherless and motherless, left to an early orphanage, not in poverty, yet with little of this world's goods. In circumstances which forbid their mingling with the gay world, and with tastes and principles that held them back from the coarse pleasures of the vulgar, they grew up together, beloved, it may be, for their kindly virtues by a few, yet little courted by the rich and the lofty. How affection clustered around that early home! and how did every year and every day knit closer together the hearts of an only brother and the fair sisters.

And they might well be all the world to each other. He held in their hearts no divided empire. In him were centred the rich treasures of their love. They gazed on his manly form, as he went forth in the morning to his daily employments, and their eyes glistened with pleasure when he returned to them in the evening. In his absence their thoughts were of their brother—and how often they went forth to greet his return! It was with the three the morning of life—in their orphanage they loved as a brother and sister only can love, when parental care and filial affection have ceased—and they clung the closer to each other because severed from the parent stem. How many the social hours, which, when the labor of the day was done, had been passed by the brothers and sisters, each emulating the others in grateful offices of kindness! How pleasant the social circle when he was there! how, when absent, they longed for his return!

It is not strange that One in whose heart kindness dwelt in its fullest, richest measure, should have delighted in visiting a family where the social virtues flourished in such strong contrast with the wild revelry and heartless selfishness that occupied the throng in the crowded city. Their humble dwelling was the resting place of Jesus. And when He became one of their little circle, what new and holy delight was added to their joys! As an instructor, a guide, and a *friend*, he found ready access to their hearts. Martha may, indeed, have been over-anxious to contribute to the comfort of their guest—ambition to please, in relation to temporal things, may have had undue influence on her careful thoughts, but yet the Saviour was a more than welcome guest. And that he loved their brother would have been a passport to their kindness.

But now distress has entered the happy family. [illegible]

TO PREACH WELL, ONE MUST LIVE WELL.

When a man delineates religion not so much as the result of study and reasoning, as a matter of his own history; when he unfolds it with that inexpressible character of life and earnestness which accompany truths drawn from one's own bosom, he cannot be powerless. There is nothing vague or uncertain, nothing obscure or unintelligible in the speech of such a one. He presses earnestly towards his object. His heart's desire is that his hearers may be saved. The power of that inward emotion he cannot conceal. Chains cannot bind it. Mountains cannot bury it. It thaws through the most icy habits. It bursts from the lip. It speaks from the eye. It modulates the tone. It pervades the manner. It possesses and controls the whole man. He is seen to be in earnest; he convinces, he persuades.

It is a most important service which religion has rendered not only to the eloquence of the pulpit, but to every department of Christian literature, by putting *the faculties under the pressure and power of a grand motive*. The heart of man must be pressed and well nigh crushed before it will give out its wine and its oil. "Wo is me," said Paul, "if I preach not the gospel of Christ." He who would preach with force and effect, must subject himself to that religious sense of responsibility, which is alone competent to bring into action every dormant faculty; and bear about with him the solemn and weighty reflection that he watches for souls as one that must give an account. Whenever the heart and conscience exert their combined power in this direction every talent will be employed; the whole man is urged to full and efficient action. Cast such a man into prison and like Bunyan, "ingenious dreamer," will he describe the progress of the soul to God; confine him to a bed of sickness, and like Baxter will he sweetly muse and write of the rest of the saints in heaven; blind his eyes, in total night, and "celestial light," will shine inward enabling him, like glorious Milton, to

See and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

Fetter him with chains, and in the very presence of kings and governors, he will, like Paul, reason about a judgment to come; nail him to the cross, his heart will still palpitate with inextinguishable love, and his latest breath will be spent, like his Master's, in praying and speaking for others good.—*Watchtower.*

A Simple Prayer.—One of the Wesleyan Missionaries at the Hudson's Bay mission, asked a poor converted Indian woman how she prayed. She answered, "I say, O Great Spirit, pity me, forgive all my crooked ways. Give me a good mind. Keep me from sin. Bless my husband and children, and give us all good life, [health.] I trust in Jesus Christ. Amen. And I believe," said she, "that he was hanged by nails on the crosswood to save me." How many enlightened Christians might learn a lesson of simplicity, humility, comprehensiveness and brevity from this prayer of the Indian woman!

The Humorist.

[illegible]

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION;

[illegible]

THE HAUNTED SHIP.

During the late war, one of our frigates captured in the Pacific a large whaler; and to the surprise of the boarding officer, he found the crew manifesting a desire to get on board the frigate, and evidently quite *satisfied*, if not actually *gratified*, that they were captured. On inquiry, it was found that the captured whaler was a *haunted ship!* The news soon spread through the frigate, the next trouble was to assemble *a willing prize crew* to go on board the prize—which trouble might have been a serious one but for the force of discipline. The prize was a large and valuable ship—but she was *haunted!* The authentic report was, that during a still night, when no other noise was heard, and no other motion felt than that of a slow undulating movement of a Pacific Ocean Sea, *a deep and deadly groan was heard below*, coming apparently from the after part of the vessel, and heard distinctly from every open hatchway; and so great was the panic at last, that the captain declared he could not induce a man to go below.

The prize-master, on taking possession, *pretended* to disbelieve the story, and declared that if he heard any groaning or other ghostly noises he'd soon find out the cause. As evening approached, the prize crew began to listen; and sure enough, when the usual noise of ship work subsided and all was silence, a long, deep-drawn sigh came up through the after hatchway, and increased at intervals, as silence prevailed, till at last a full and audible *groan* came forth, that not only huddled the prize crew into a close forecastle group, but made their blood curdle and their teeth chatter. Groan succeeded groan at short intervals, till at length the prize-master interposed—"Where in ——— does that noise come from? Call all hands." (There was no need of this call, all hands were already on deck.) "Steward, get lights; come men, arm yourselves and follow me. I'm d——d if I don't have a tussel with this groaner." He led the way and the crew followed. On reaching the 'tween decks he stopped and listened to get the right direction of the *groan*. It came as before from the after part of the ship, and so deep and long drawn that it seemed the last life effort of a Hercules in an exhausted death struggle—*a full sigh terminating in a groan of agony.*

The dauntless prize master, though armed with a boarding sword, stood for a moment petrified. Had he retreated one step, it is quite certain every one of his followers would very soon have been found huddled together again in a group on the forecastle, so terrible was that last groan and so awful its effect upon the hearts of those who on occasion of battle were found foremost in the fight. But he held his ground—it was no time to flinch, and cheered his men onward "to follow" him. They came to a large store-room or *stow-hole*, through which it was necessary to pass, and began with the aid of a dim light held by a trembling steward, to remove some obstructions in the way. The first thing the prize-master accidentally put his hand on was the arm, shoulder, and part of the face of an old mutilated figure-head, which perhaps formerly decorated the prow of the ship. Pulling it out of a mass of old rigging, and holding it up, he facetiously exclaimed, "Here's a part of Mr. Ghost: come along men, we'll get *the whole* of him presently." The light was just sufficient to develope the form of a human limb and rigid muscles, and the [illegible]

FROM THE LADIES' COMPANION, FOR MAY.

LOVE'S FIRST STEP IS UPON THE ROSE.

A Ballad.

BY MRS EMMA C. EMBURY.

It was a lady young and fair,
Who sang that mournful strain.
Her brow wore not a shade of care,
Her cheek no trace of pain:
Yet sung she, e'en as one who knows
How youthful hearts are torn,
"Love's *first* step is upon the rose,
His *second* finds the thorn."

Bright jewels bound her raven hair,
And sparkled on her head,
For earth held nought of rich or rare
Her wealth might not command:
Yet, mark how sad the music flows
From lips curved half in scorn,—
"Love's *first* step is upon the rose,
His *second* finds the thorn."

No brighter, lovelier face appears
In pleasure's crowded mart,
That proud eye was not made for tears,
No blight should touch that heart;
But, as she sings, some memory throws
Its shadow o'er life's morn;—
"Love's *first* step is upon the rose,
His *second* finds the thorn."

Alas! it is a weary task,
To trace life's hidden cares,
And who would raise the smiling mask
Which maiden feeling wears?
A quaint old rhyme may oft disclose
How much the heart has borne;—
"Love's *first* step is upon the rose,
His *second* finds the thorn."

A Thought.—How very little do we realize, while we are moving in our accustomed sphere—with wealth and happiness—surrounded with every thing to rejoice the heart—that thousands at the very moment are suffering the bitterest pangs. Wrecked at sea, or crushed on earth; freezing in the snow or burning in their dwellings; torn by wild beasts or stabbed by the assassin; maimed by a fall, or crushed under a building; what multitudes are thus enduring pains which it is impossible for the hearts of the affluent to conceive.

Nay more, what millions are suffering in mind—by crushed affections, buried hope; disappointed ambition, death of friends, loss of property, dark forebodings and fearful apprehensions. Did we realise the pains of body and the anguish of mind, endured this present moment, how little should we feel like indulging in trifling conversation, pleasant jokes or amusements. While we are in sport; beneath flashing skies surrounded by flowers and entranced with music: the dying and the dead are about us; their cries and their groans ascend as precursors of the doom that awaits us all in the spring-tide of life or the sun-down of existence.

Royal Nursery Circular.—The London Punch says a number of capital things. Among others we have recently seen the following: "The Prince of Wales was safely delivered of a tooth one day last week, when Sir Charles Ross, the miniature painter, received instructions for drawing it. Prince Albert walked for some time on the Slopes; but it is [illegible]

The Olio.

Newspaper Consistencies.—We hear at times a great deal about the inconsistency of the American press. Here is something from abroad that takes the shine off of us completely.

The *Moniteur*, a newspaper printed in Paris, in the month of March, 1815, gave successively the following announcements of the arrival of Bonaparte in France:

1. The *Anthropophagite* has left his den.
2. The *Corsican Ogre* has embarked for Cape Juan.
3. The *Tiger* has reached the Cape.
4. The *Monster* has slept at Grenoble.
5. The *Tyrant* has passed through Lyons.
6. The *Usurper* has been seen sixty miles from the capital.
7. *Bonaparte* advances with rapid strides, but he will never enter Paris.
8. *Napoleon* will be to-morrow upon our ramparts.
9. The *Emperor* has arrived at Fontainbleau.
10. *His Imperial and Royal Majesty* has made his triumphal entry into the Tuilleries in the midst of his faithful subjects.

A Stump Speaker Stumped.—"Fellow citizens," said a backwoods orator upon a stump, "I go in for *measures*, not men! (Pass around that two gallon jug, boys, and try a little of the real rectified 'oil of rye.') *Measures* are what we want, and good measure at that. When the great spirit of freedom took refuge in the eagle's nest upon the mountain cliff, the noble tree that has been cut down upon this spot was only a little twig—that twig was once a simple seed in the ground—that—that—that ground—that ground was just where you see it now—and—and, when in the course of human events it becomes necessary—(Push the jug about, boys; take a drink!)—that a man should take the place of the tree, to spread his protecting branches over you, I'm *here*,—I say, fellow citizens, until these arms are lopped off, and this trunk is cut down, just like the tree that stood here before me, I say, boys—(Drink away; there's plenty on it!)—I say, I'm jest as you see me now—jest as you'll allers find this child, Samuel Sten*tor!* I'm—yes—(Hand *me* the jug once!)—I'm d—d if I aint—I'm *stumped!*"—*Pic.*

Fossil Birds.—Letters from Dr. Mantell, of London, and Professor Daubeny, of Oxford, to Professor Silliman, of Yale University, mention the arrival in England of the bones of a gigantic bird, of the Ostrich Class, from New Zealand. The impress made by its feet would be fully equal to the largest track observed by Professor Hitchcock in the valley of the Connecticut. The arrival of these bones in England has tended to produce conviction in the minds of Dr. Mantell and Mr. Murchison, the President of the Geological Society, as well as other members of the Society, that the impressions in the valley of the Connecticut are genuine, and that birds, both small and gigantic, once walked over the surface of the rocks in question, when soft enough to receive an impression of their feet. The bones from New Zealand were found in an alluvial formation, and a tradition still exists among the natives, that [illegible]